

THE PLAY IN CHINA

It is a Curious Mixture of Noise, Costume and Strut.

DIN FROM START TO FINISH.

It Begins When the Curtain Rises and Continues Until the Last Scene Ends the Agony—The Property Man a Mighty Important Personage.

I was all tired and knocked out when I reached China, so I thought to myself, "I'll just go to a Chinese theater and spend a quiet evening. I won't understand anything, so I can doze off when I want to and come out as refreshed as a sprig of celery."

"What time does the play begin?" I asked as the guide led the way to the gallery, for in a Chinese theater the farther away you are the more aristocratic. No Chinese of caste would be caught in orchestra A.

"It have begin," he answered.

"How could that be?" I demanded.

For it was still a few minutes of 8.

"It begin yesterday. It run two piece days. It No. 1 play."

And so I found out. The better the play the longer it lasts. A Chinaman doesn't think he is getting his money's worth unless the play lasts a couple of days. Some of them continue a week. They consider a play that lasts only a night a curtain raiser and tag it on to a real play just to try it out.

The Chinese believe in noise. A theater isn't a theater to them unless it has a ladies' annex to a boiler factory just off stage. The hammering begins when the curtain goes up and continues until it falls. I soon found out that I erred seriously in coming to a Chinese theater to sleep. A person might drop off for a few minutes in a car shop, but he could never get near the knitting up of the raveled sleeve in a Chinese theater.

Chinese acting consists of the actors coming on again in another outfit of clothes. They come on, whirl a baton a couple of times and exeunt. While they are off another delegation of actors arrive with another collection of clothes. They whirl their clubs a few times and file out Indian style as another lodge arrives. There is no more expression on the face of a Chinese actor than on a punching bag.

When they want to show that the intrepid hero with a handful of men is trying to take a fortification against a vastly overwhelming enemy the property man hurries around in front of the hero with a black cloth stretched over a frame. This is the fortification, even though you can see his fingers gripping the breastworks. The dour, less hero marches across the stage, stops before the impregnable barrier, casts his eagle eye over it, draws his long sword and rips it asunder with one fell blow. The property man holds the swaying corner, while the hero marches through to victory. The intrepid hero stops to explode in his subordinate how he was able to accomplish the feat, while the property man drags the ramparts into the wings and begins pinning them up for the attack in the next act.

In a Chinese play there are no girls, their parts being taken by boys, speaking in a high, quavering voice as if something were too tight. When an actor wants to show that he is old he lies on a board that comes to his waist. The board works off to one corner and hunches grimly by one string, but the audience doesn't worry about that. They know that he is an old man because he has a beard.

I was constantly alert to figure out what kind of show it was. When I first got there and saw the constant change of costume I thought that it must be a musical comedy, but after studying it more closely I saw that it was a farce. When they began to kill people I came to the conclusion that it was an opera. Later, when the hero found his wife in another man's arms, I decided that it was a problem play.

The most important person in a Chinese show is the property man. Along side him the lead sinks into insignificance. He has charge of the show. The show opens when he says and closes when he wants to go out to a tea house. He keeps his properties where they are handy—down stage by the proscenium arch—right out where the audience can lean over and almost touch them. To know what is coming next all the audience has to do is to look over and see what the property man is getting ready.

Hour after hour the play continued without an intermission. Midnight came, and the actors seemed to be just getting into the spirit of the play. When I remembered that the play had been running for two days I felt sure that the next five minutes would see the last costume, but the show still continued.

I hung desperately on, determined to be in at the finish when the last hot feverish kiss was pressed on the upturned lips, but it didn't end that way. It ended when the leading man came rushing out with a cheese cutter and killed twelve men in breathless succession, the maimed and wounded thoughtfully crawling to the wings to die, thus giving the leading man the center of the stage until the envious property man came up and spitefully yanked the curtains to.—Homer Croly in Leslie's.

Correct Answer.

"Why isn't a nautical mile the same as an ordinary mile?"
"Because it is knot."—Boston Transcript.

The more one judges the less one loves.—Balzac.

The Septuagint.

Septuagint means seventy. The septuagint version of the Old Testament originated, according to Aristotle, as follows: Ptolemy Philadelphus (284-247 B. C.) when engaged in making a collection of the laws of all nations for the great Alexandrian library was advised by his librarian to have the Jewish Scripture translated into Greek, and the king had the work done by seventy (or seventy-two) learned Jews from Jerusalem. The letter of Aristotle is probably mythical, but the substance of the story is probably quite true.—New York American.

THE GAY STATESMAN.

A Tribute to the Versatile Genius of Alexander Hamilton.

Because no man can live exclusively to himself either for good or evil, with every mention of Burr's name the figure of Hamilton rises, an avenging ghost. Even before that precocious young native of the West Indies walked into our military history at Princeton, a lad only nineteen, lost in thought, a cocked hat pulled down over his eyes while his hand rested upon a cannon that he patted absentmindedly as if it were a favorite horse, he had done valiant work for American liberty with his pen. From the time he touched our shores to the July morning more than thirty years later when Burr's bullet laid him low he was a force to be reckoned with.

And his was one of those natures, keenly alive on many sides, whose astonishing maturity of intellect did not snuff out the zest of life. He became "my boy" to Washington very early in his service, worked willingly at headquarters day in and day out with a sober application equal to Washington's own, yet contrived to snatch from such never ending drudgery youth's dear and fleeting joys. He brought gaiety even to Washington's mess table, courted black-eyed Elizabeth Schuyler under the muzzles of British guns and in the years of their married life together managed with all his prodigious labors to bend social graces as well as the solid qualities of his mind to enriching their days and nights.

Besides being a great statesman, he was "an enjoying gentleman," to use the quaint old phrase. Talleyrand, corrupt and appreciative, looked upon him with amazement. "Hail divine 'Europe,'" he said, which, from a European of that day, about an American was near the highest praise. Hamilton's management of the treasury, without breath of scandal or self-seeking, filled the Frenchman with even greater astonishment. "I have beheld one of the wonders of the world," he exclaimed—"a man who has made a nation rich laboring all night to provide his family with bread."—Helen Nicolay in Century.

THIS PLANT IS A THIEF.

Dodder Steals All the Digested Food of its Clover Neighbors.

Possibly he's too lazy to feed himself, or it may be that he came from a family of criminals and can't overcome his heredity. At any rate, he's a robber, a thief and a plunderer. None of these names is too severe, and if you doubt it ask the farmer, who knows him for the damage he does every year to the clover and alfalfa crops. The plant is the dodder.

Perhaps we can forgive the dodder for not preparing his own food, for he has nothing to prepare it with. Nearly all plants have chlorophyll, the substance which makes plants green and digests the food which they take from the ground and the air. The dodder has no chlorophyll.

So it has to turn robber to live. After the seed springs from the ground the dodder vine reaches out until it touches some other plant, clover, for example. It attaches itself to the clover stem by its tiny rootlets and begins to eat the food which the clover has taken and digested.

After awhile the root withers and dies, and the vine keeps reaching out for more victims, binding them together with its tiny threads. You probably have seen the small, pale, bell-shaped flowers climbing over a field of clover.

Once dodder gets a hold in a clover field the farmer's only escape is to cut clover and dodder alike and burn the crop. And the farmer believes this death none too horrible for the little robber vine.—Philadelphia North American.

The White of an Egg.

The white of an egg is made up of little cells filled with albumen. By beating the white these cells are ruptured and oxygen from the air is in closed, which gives the white and light appearance to beaten eggs. The white of a stale egg will not inclose as much oxygen, will not be as light and as easily digested as that of the fresh egg and, of course, less valuable. The importance of beating the egg in cold, pure air is readily seen.

A Mystery.

How is it that a maniacal convict can escape unhurt by leaping from a train running at the rate of thirty miles an hour when every time the average citizen slips in alighting from a car he injures himself so severely that the railway company must pay him big damages?—Louisville News.

Mixed Streets.

The dovetailing of the new city plan of 1897-11 on the old line of New York streets resulted in a curious complication whereby Fourth street crossed both Tenth and Eleventh streets, a fourth dimensional achievement warranted to stagger the brainiest of mathematicians.—Exchange.

The Criterion.

"I dined at my fiancée's home yesterday."
"No doubt they regard you as one of the family by now, don't they?"
"Not yet. They haven't quite reached the point where they bowl me out if I make a spot on the tablecloth."—Puck.

Why He Knew.

"Are you sure that your wife is coming in on this train?"
"No doubt about it. They just told me it was three-quarters of an hour behind time."—Puck.

Fooled Her.

Astonished Mother—Why, Tottie, you never told me you had invited so many children to this party. Small Hostess—That's cause you said that I could never keep a secret.—Life.

Very Seldom.

When a man gets a raise at the office he can seldom keep it from his wife—that is, the information—and, well, the raise too.—Florida Times-Union.

Fire in the heart sends smoke in the head.—German Proverb.

LIVE STOCK HUSBANDRY

FEEDING WORK HORSES.

Idle Animals Should Not Be Given Too Much Roughage.

Regular and careful feeding on a good allowance of clean palatable hay and just enough wholesome grain feed to keep them in a thrifty, flesh gaining condition is all that is required in the matter of feeding to keep the horses in good condition till the arrival of spring, says an Illinois farmer in the Rural New Yorker. I believe the greatest mistake made in feeding horses is that of giving too much roughage.

The horse has a small stomach and is not capable of handling a large



The embargo placed on the exportation of horses from France should work to the advantage of breeders of the Percheron in this country. There are thousands of pure bred Percheron mares in this country and a sufficiency of stallions. American breeders should profit by the existing shortage of horses in Europe and be ready to supply the demand. The stallion shown is a Percheron.

amount of horse feed like a cow or a steer. A horse can use fifteen pounds of roughage a day, but by the average roughage ration many are fed all they can handle. Their digestion becomes impaired, the feed becomes clogged in the stomach, and the animal suffers from indigestion, and out of condition. It may be caused by more roughage than the horse can handle.

In the Percheron I first saw work horses fed on a ration of roughage with some hay and a small amount of grain. I saw three pounds of cut hay which was a grain ration, which is varied to suit the needs of the horses that are being fed. From six to eight pounds of hay is sufficient for a horse that is working hard.

A mixture of corn and oats makes one of the best grain rations I have ever used. If the corn and oats are crushed and mixed with cut hay the danger of indigestion is greatly reduced because the food must be consumed more slowly. If plenty of roughage is thoroughly mixed with the grain the danger of deranging the digestive system of the animal is reduced to the lowest possible degree. Alfalfa and clover are excellent feeds to cut and feed with grain, and the danger of dust is eliminated if the mixture is sprinkled with a little lime water at feeding time. When feeding cut clover and alfalfa with the grain ration it gives a wider variety to feed timothy or mixed hay at night.

Few there are who think it necessary to have a sieve for cleaning the grain and especially oats which are fed to horses. Yet it may safely be said that this is one of the most important of the minor implements of the stable. The use of the sieve saves horses from the annoyance of swallowing bits of wire and other trash, quite common in these days of automatic binders, and saves the teeth of the animal from being broken on gravel or other hard substances in the grain.

Of course the supply of water must be pure and wholesome. The watering pails or troughs should be kept clean at all times. About an hour before feeding I give my horses all the water they will drink. The water passes through the stomach rapidly. Watering should not be done directly after the horses have been fed, because the water will carry out of the stomach a portion of undigested feed, which is wasted. Salt is a necessity, and this I keep in reach of the horses at all times.

Sweet or Sour Milk For Swine.

There is practically no difference in the feeding value of sweet and sour skim milk for pigs. Feeding experiments have been conducted to determine the relative value of the two, and while in some cases either one or the other has apparently been slightly more valuable, yet the consensus of opinion is that the two are of equal value. It would, however, seem advisable to feed either one or the other and not to feed sour milk one day and sweet milk the next. We see no reason why the warm separator milk mentioned will not be a valuable food for pigs providing it is properly supplemented by other feeds rich in carbohydrates.—Hoard's Dairyman.

The Frosty Bit.

Many humane drivers use rubber or leather bits in winter, as a frosty bit is a wicked thing to thrust in a horse's mouth. If it must be used it should first be plunged in a pail of cold water and left there long enough to withdraw the frost. Then dry immediately and place it in the horse's mouth.

NOTICE.

I have decided to sell my Cadillac touring car, complete with all the extras included. Would consider a vacant lot or good note as part payment. Price \$450.00 if taken at once. cost \$1950.

R. J. FRAKER,
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Miss Edna Watkins of Detroit is the guest of her sister, Gladys, over Sunday.

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